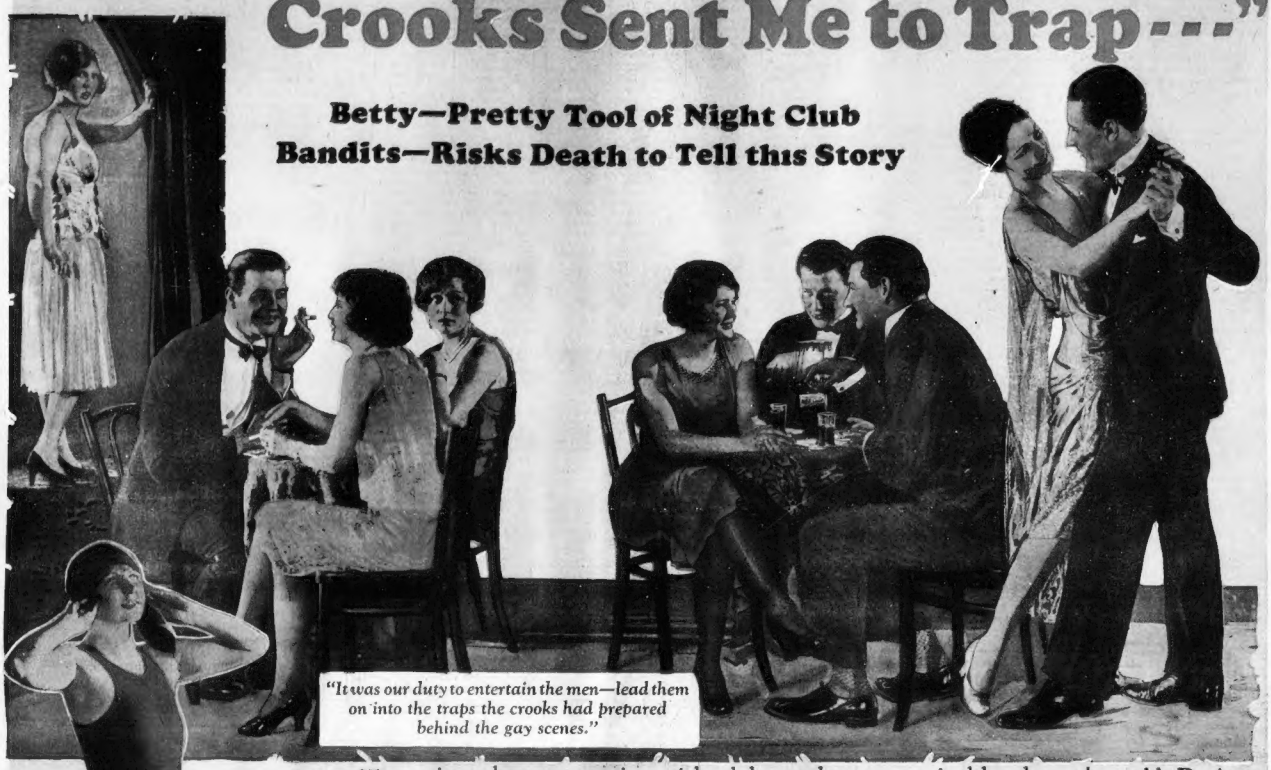
"I Fell in Love with the Man the Crooks Sent Me to Trap..."

Betty—Pretty Tool of Night Club Bandits—Risks Death to Tell this Story



"It was our duty to entertain the men—lead them on into the traps the crooks had prepared behind the gay scenes."

This girl, whose beach romance ended so dramatically, tells in "The Hate Widow" how she was deserted on her Wedding Night.

"I ACT as assistant-hostess at various night clubs run by, or patronized by, the underworld. Don't get the idea that these are obscure cabarets carried on behind closed doors and shuttered windows—they are among the most popular night resorts where the *elite* of Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue, the stars of the screen and stage, frolic night after night.

"I am one of several squads of girls who are playing the same crooked game with the same crooked rules for the same crooked master-minds.

"One hour ago I received an order from my chief to meet him tomorrow night at an obscure cabaret on the outskirts of Brooklyn. It may be for me a rendezvous of death.

"He is going to ask me why, when he had set me to snare rich "Penny" Morrow, and when I had led "Penny" into the trap from which he could not escape without giving up a big slice of his large income—I suddenly refused to play the game—"

The rest of this girl's story—of how her love for a real man suddenly broke her wayward spirit and left her torn between the desire to redeem herself and fear of her crook master—is told thrillingly in August SMART SET.

The Law's side of the Story

A prominent District Attorney introduces this story of a girl caught in her own trap by this startling statement:

"I should like to believe that it will serve as a warning to poor, foolish boys and girls who are tripping down Folly Lane. "Tripping" is right. They are tripping all up and down the road—and the police are picking them up and throwing them in jail.

"I don't like to blame the modern girl for the boys who go astray—yet she insists on taxicabs and Broadway shows and night clubs when her escorts can afford only a movie, a soda afterwards and subway transportation.

"For a few weeks of jazz, they pay with a lifetime of remorse."

Other True Stories from Real Life in August SMART SET

Diana's Guilt

"The evidence was damnable, yet in my heart I doubted," says the lover who tells the story.

The Tango Dancer

Could I tell Pierce what I knew about Carissima—that Tiger-Lily girl he intended to marry?

The neighbors called me a "Wild Girl," but after all it was only my love of—

Excitement

The Man I Met at Midnight

I was a woman, and helpless—but I had to go along that dark, lonely road.

In spite of the other woman—

I Wanted My Husband

My Husband's Stenographer

A wife's story: "Henry was taking Miss Burns out to lunch—he was coming home late from the office. It was the old story, but I gave it a new ending."

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